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## ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING.

BY R. F. TAYLOR.

When the bounding beat of the heart of love,  
And the springing step, grow slow;  
When the form of a cloud in the blue above  
Lies dark on the path below,  
The song that its singer is lost in a sigh,  
And he knows a star is dawning,  
And he thinks, as he glances his heart and his  
eye,  
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the strong man armed, in the middle-  
watch,  
From life's dim cloud is glazing,  
And strives, through the wreck of the tempest,  
To catch  
A gleam of the day-beam's blinding;  
Amid the wild storm, hard by the helm,  
He needs not the dark ocean yawning;  
For this song in his soul not a sorrow can  
be found.

"It will all be right in the morning!"  
When the battle is done, the harp unstung,  
He must remember—dying,  
When his voice is unheeded, and his deeds un-  
sung,  
And he longs in the grave to be lying,  
Then a voice shall charm, as it charmed before  
He had wept or waited the dawning,  
"They do love there for you—I'll be thine as  
of yore—  
It will all be right in the morning!"

Thus all through the world, by ship and by  
shore;  
Where the mother bends over  
The cradle, whose tenant "has gone on before";  
Where the eyes of the lover  
Light the way to the soul, whatever the word,  
A welcome, a wall, or a warning,  
This is everywhere cherished—this everywhere  
heard:

"It will all be right in the morning!"

## How Quedglington was Sent Down.

Charley Quedglington was in a thoughtful mood. This was an unusual thing for him. As a general rule he didn't think; but the most reckless and mischievous and debt-incurring, debt-baiting undergraduates had their moments of thought, though they may occasionally conceal them. And Charley's thoughts, this sunny May morning, as he glanced into the blazing hot quadrangle, waiting until it should be time to partake of Gordon's luncheon, were not very pleasant. "If your name comes before us again," the Dean had said grimly, with his sternest aspect—and the old gentleman, the jolliest of talkative hosts at dinner, could be very grim and stern about 12 o'clock in the day—"if your name comes before us again, sir, Quedglington, we shall have no alternative but to send you down for a considerable period. You are never out of trouble, either in college or in the city. This is the last time you will be warned, sir. Consider yourself again sent down for the rest of the term."

"And, by Jove, I believe the old gentleman means it!" ruminated Charley, stretching his legs upon the window-seat, and puffing his cigarette smoke to the recesses of the sheltering window-blind. "As sure as Fate, I shall get into a row before the end of the term, though it may be a fortnight off. There'll be enough wine to-night; and they'll go down the barge afterward, and then the fat will be in the fire; for whether I am there or safe in bed, the poyters will swear to Mr. Quedglington—small blame to them!" And he laughed with a keen appreciation of his own bad eminence. "Umph! it's all very well; but if it comes to rustication, won't the governor be savage? He's a jolly old boy, and he'll swallow the bills with hardly a grimace; but this affair wouldn't be quite a coating of sugar to help them on their way."

Charley's forbodings were not without a more than usual share of probability. There was not much chance of the most popular and reckless of St. Aldate's men keeping out of it. For the remaining weeks of the summer term, the dons had been very long suffering with him. There was so much good in him at bottom, the great luncheon said in confidence after dinner, and the lesser lights agreed with him. He looked so young; a dark complexioned, handsome fellow, hardly as old as his years, and with but the faintest symptoms of a mustache, to which only his scout knew how much care and time were devoted. He appeared quiet enough, and not very strong. Appearance, however, are deceitful; and Charley was not long in impressing his wit with a slyly thoughtless, reckless gaiety, which yet had not a grain of real evil at the bottom of it. His father, the Archdeacon of Loamford, was a rich man, and a famous pillar of the church. Charley would be well enough off some day; so that the mere getting into debt would hurt no more very much. But the Archdeacon had passed through his college career without a reproach, and was a great preserver of note elsewhere than in ecclesiastical circles. It would be a terrible thing if the son of such a man should be put to open shame, and sent down like the son of any godless earl or weak-minded bishop.

"Hullo, Charley!" cried a jovial young voice from the quad below, at this point of his meditations; "you'll breakfast with me to-morrow?" The best text for Wallingbury is in 1230."

"I'm not coming," answered Charley rather shortly.

"You are not coming?" cried his interrogator. "What is up now? But wait a moment, and I'll be with you." And up the echoing wooden staircase, so shady and cool in comparison with the blaze and sunshine outside, came Cummings, three steps at a time, and dashed into Charley's room.

"No means it this time; and he has gained me after six for a fortnight." "Gordon, what do you think is the latest?" cried Cummings, leaning out of the window and accosting a man in a many-colored coat who was leaning out of a ground-floor window not far off. "Quedglington has been sent for and gated until the end of the term. He says he won't come to Wallingbury to-morrow."

"Gammion! I'll come up and draw the badger. What is a gater?" "Gordon should have known, for Charley excepted, no one at St. Aldate's had more experience of it. Wallingbury races were strictly forbidden to the undergraduates of the University; and even the somewhat lax rules of St. Aldate's were upon this point strict as those of more learned colleges. The arrival of the trains from Wallingbury, at any rate of those late in the day, was attended by a proctor and bull-dog, to see if any of his flock had been away; while a watch was also kept upon the roads which led from the city in that direction.

"Look here!" cried the tempter, clad for the occasion in the flame-colored blazon of the Hon. Richard Gordon, "if we get back by the 4 o'clock train, we shall see all the best of the fun, escape the proctors, who will not be on the look-out until the 6 o'clock train, and save Charley's gate."

"It's all very well for you fellows to risk it; but I can't afford to be sent down."

"Pooh! not a chance of your being sent down! It isn't like you to funk. What a capital time we had there last year. And my cousin has a horse running and we can get the tip from him."

"Are you sure that there is a 4 o'clock train?" "Certain. Come, that's a good fellow!"

"Then, by Jove, I will!" cried Charley. And as no promises are so well kept as those which please ourselves, he kept his word to the letter. He was too young to find the pleasure turn to dust and ashes. He thoroughly enjoyed his afternoon on Wallingbury race-course; and for once the tip, wonderful to relate, was the straight one, and the affair went off capitally.

"My boy," said Gordon, taking him a little aside about a quarter to four, "you have just time to catch your train. We'll risk it; but if you are not a fool you'll be off."

"I'm not going," cried Charley, recklessly.

"Then you are a fool," answered the other; "take my advice, and go."

It was such a rare thing for Gordon to give advice of this kind that his hero took it as that of a good angel, who, instead of the suggestive flame-colored blazon of yesterday, had assumed, with much appropriateness, a fashionable frock-coat of Quaker-like gray. Quedglington reached the station just in time to tumble into a first-class carriage already pretty full. Many of its occupants looked as if the tickets in their pockets might be of any hue save white, which was, and is, the color of first-class tickets upon the Wallingbury branch line. Charley looked them over with the superciliousness of St. Aldate's and came to the conclusion that, if undergraduates at all, they hailed from some college more than a Sabbath day's journey from the centre of university life.

They had lunched well, and were loud and noisy, as was Charley sometimes; but, somehow, their loudness and noisiness were not like the same things at St. Aldate's, and Quedglington regarded them with much the same disapproval that filled the Dean of St. Aldate's when brought face to face with his, Charley's, vagaries.

His gaze settled at last on a face in the far corner which, under the circumstances, caused him some surprise. It was so decidedly out of place. It was that of a rather pretty girl, with a fair-haired, graceful little head, set off by a small gray hair. It was a face formed to be either gracefully sweet or coquettishly smiling; but now it was a frightened, piteous little face. The sudden intrusion of the noisy and excited crowd into her carriage was evidently not to her liking; but she was sitting at the end and furthest from the platform, it was no easy matter to extricate herself. "She's a governess, and a very pretty one," thought Charley. "Certainly she is traveling first class, so she must be a Newnham or Girton girl. They got a lot of money. She is too plainly dressed to be a swell. I wish I had some sisters who wanted a governess."

It was not Quedglington only whose attention she attracted. The young men, their bets settled, turned toward her more of their regards than was polite or pleasant. From this they advanced to making egotistic remarks upon her appearance to one another, and generally to talking rather in a way that made Quedglington's face hot with anger. By the time the train stopped at the junction Charley was on the point of interfering. The young lady rose, however, and, taking up her cloak, stood prepared to leave the carriage. Her tormentors made way for her not an inch, but sat with their knees meeting across the passage.

"Would you be kind enough to let me pass?" she said bravely, in quite a steady voice. But they were heated with excitement and the wine they had taken at luncheon. Charley had come to the conclusion by this time that they were not "Verity men" at all, and he would hope and trust that he was right. At any rate they sat still.

"I think," said one, with mock politeness, "that the ticket you showed at Wallingbury was for our destination. We do not change here."

"And we really cannot spare so pretty a face. We are hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you home."

So the girl was in fact a prisoner: the noise upon the platform made it impossible for her to get help from thence. Her eyes wandered round the flushed faces, and rested upon Charley's, flushed too, but from a different cause.

She saw that he was not of the sort. "Don't let us have any of this rot!" he said quietly. "Let this lady pass, if you please."

They all turned upon him, as he rose and with some roughness pushed two or three of them aside. The girl just touched his hand, and stepped lightly past them, and was out of the carriage in a moment before they could recover from their surprise.

"Confound you! What business is it of yours?" cried one, standing up and catching hold of his collar. Charley did not answer him in words; his blood was up, and as the other maintained his hold, he struck him between the eyes with all his strength and some little science. The man fell back among his fellows, and all rose up and hit out at Charley rather wildly, who waited off a blow or two, and then stepped lightly backward on to the platform to avoid others. He was only just in time; he began to move; a porter, who, in the hubbub of the station, had seen nothing of it, slammed the door; and the last that Charley, standing upon the platform, saw of his opponents, was a group of angry faces framed in the quickly moving window.

He turned round with a little laugh of triumph, and saw his damsel, so lately in distress, standing at his elbow. She was much the more self-possessed of the two now.

"Thank you so much," she said prettily; "it was foolish of me to be afraid; but they really were rude, were they not? I am afraid now that I have caused you to be left behind; it does not matter much to me, but it may to you."

"Not a bit," answered he, with a victorious modesty which impressed her gently. Yet he was not unmindful that now he could not get back to college until after six o'clock, and would certainly be reported for breaking his parole even if his visit to Wallingbury escaped detection and he did not, upon his arrival at the station, fall into the hands of the proctor, as was most probable.

"They were awful brutes, were they not? I am very glad I was there to be of some assistance to you."

"And I cordially share in that feeling," she said, with a laugh of pleasure at the thought of the blow he had struck. "I am going to see some friends who live here; but I hope I may have some further opportunity of thanking you. I am greatly obliged to your bravery."

She looked brightly up into Charley's face, held out a little gloved hand, and was gone; quite conscious, however, that the young fellow's eyes were fixed upon her as she passed out of the station, and probably not ill-pleased by the fact.

She was gone, and he was left to kick his heels for a couple of hours in a dreary station, and get what amusement he could out of the refreshment-room and the bookstall. In time the next train came, and he rejoined his astonished party.

"Your name and college, sir, if you please?"

"Quedglington, St. Aldate's." The proctor had known quite well both his name and college, but preferred to go through the old formula. So a fine was he least to be expected as the result of the Wallingbury trip, in addition to the penalty to be paid for the broken gate, of the nature of which there could be little doubt, after the Dean's solemn warning. And, therefore, when his scout, on calling him next morning, said that the Dean requested the pleasure of his company at twelve o'clock, Charley felt that he might as well tell Bunty to begin packing his things. A breakfast with Gordon, however, cheered him up a little, but the momentary gaiety sank down again at the Dean's house. "What will the governor say?" he groaned. When he was ushered in he saw no sign of relenting in the Dean's face.

"You were not in college yesterday, Mr. Quedglington, by the time at which, for you, the gate closes. I am also informed that you returned from Wallingbury by a train arriving after that time. The doings at Wallingbury were disgraceful, sir, as I have good reason to know. I cannot imagine you have anything to urge." Charley regarded the third button of the discolored waistcoat with a stoical calmness. "After the solemn warning you gave me only two days ago, I think I am exercising some leniency in merely sending you down until the end of this term. You will go down to-day. Good morning."

Quedglington of St. Aldate's was not the man to plead, even if he could think of anything to say, in mitigation of sentence. He turned to leave with a silent bow, when the further door of the library was opened, and a voice he knew exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, uncle; I thought you were all alone."

Charley looked up in astonishment. It was his friend of the train.

"Good gracious!" said she recognising him at once, and coming in; "I am so glad you are a St. Aldate's man. Uncle, this is the gentleman who interfered on my behalf yesterday, and missed his train through his kindness. Perhaps you will thank him for me."

"It was nothing at all!" murmured Charley.

"This is very remarkable," said the Dean, in the accents of Dominie Sampson. "If this is so, I have to thank you for doing, not only my niece, but myself, a great service."

"It is so!" cried Miss Gertrude, pettily.

"Indeed, indeed! Then it is very remarkable. This is my niece Gertrude, Mr. Quedglington; I am greatly obliged to you—greatly. Will you be kind enough to run away, Gertrude, and we will talk about it again?"

In a few minutes they were alone again.

"So that was how you missed your train?" asked the Head.

Charley nodded.

"Well, I am greatly obliged to you. You are an honor to the college—in some respects. But of course I can make no alteration upon this account. You had no business going to Wallingbury, or returning from it. So I must say good morning."

Even Charley thought the Dean was treating him a little cavalierly, but he was not one to make much of his services. He made for the door.

"Ah, yes," said the Dean, when his hand was already upon it; "do you know my brother Sir Richard? No, I think not. He has asked me to send him a rod or two, to make up his party. My wife and niece are going to his place in the North-to-night. Perhaps, Mr. Quedglington, you would escort them, and stay until the end of the term, when your home engagements fall in. Would it suit you?"

"I shall be delighted, sir," stammered Charley, the vision of Miss Gertrude pettily stamping the floor with the smallest foot the male imagination can conceive before his eyes.

"Very well; you had better dine here early, as they go by the 8 o'clock train. Your letters could be forwarded from here," added the Dean, with a slight cough, "and then, perhaps, you need not trouble your people with your change of places. You go down to-night then. Good morning."

That was how Charley Quedglington was sent down. Some people are inclined to insinuate that it was all a plan of Mrs. Dean's, and a very successful plan, too. But that, we know, is all nonsense. One thing about it is certain—that, to this day, the venerable Archdeacon is totally ignorant, and so are his intimate friends, that his son ever incurred the disgrace of being sent down from St. Aldate's. —*London Society.*

## An Earthquake Experience.

Miss Fannie Know of Rochester, N. Y., who was in the city of Mexico during an earthquake on the 19th of July, writes a graphic account of her sensations, which is published in the *Democrat*. The following is an extract:

"We were walking briskly along San Francisco street in the hot sun, when I felt myself suddenly whirling—could not see. I called out, frightened, 'Why, Miss L., I'm dizzy!' 'So am I!' she responded, and I then I think for a moment I lost my senses, for I had a wild idea that I must get somewhere around dropping on their knees. I did not want to be the one conspicuous person on the street who would not kneel to the archbishop or the holy sacrament. Whatever I thought, I staggered into a shoe store, and just as I got inside it struck me that an earthquake was in session. They were repairing something or other in the store, and I vaguely felt through my dizziness that I must get out from under the scaffolding, and I somehow found myself in the street, standing on the corner and clinging to a building."

"By that time I had recovered my senses, and could philosophize on the subject. It was very interesting to watch the people. They poured out of the stores into the streets, and very generally knelt. I took in the height of the buildings around, and concluded that should they fall into the narrow streets one might as well be in one spot as in another, so stayed in the shade. It was very quiet—not a word spoken anywhere. I don't suppose it lasted three minutes, but it was the queerest sensation imaginable. For the moment I did not know what it was. I was dreadfully frightened, but the moment it occurred to me that it was only an earthquake, I was as composed as if I had taken earthquake for a daily exercise all my life. I was quite seasick for a little while, and never was seasick at sea. I am actually so dizzy now, at 10 o'clock, that I can hardly write. As soon as the undulating crowd I set out to find Miss L., who had totally disappeared. I went back to my corner and turned down the Professor; only a few steps down and I found Miss L. leaning against a window. She had seen me plunge wildly into the shoe store, and, thinking that we had walked into some poisonous gas, turned and fled. She staggered along a little distance until she reached a drug store, went in and sank into a chair, all the time thinking it was poisonous gas that had affected her. Some gentleman brought her water, and told her what was the trouble, but she had never heard the word in Spanish and did not comprehend; never knew it was an earthquake till she saw us, and we asked her how she enjoyed it."

"MAKING LEATHER.—In 1870 there were 4,287 tanneries in the United States employing 20,784 hands, using a capital of \$43,730,506, paying in wages \$7,934,416, producing leather valued at \$6,103,635; and there were 3,151 establishments for the manufacture of boots and shoes, employing 91,702 hands, with a capital of \$37,519,019, paying in wages \$43,504,444, using \$80,502,718 worth of materials, manufacturing boots valued at \$50,231,470, and shoes valued at \$39,846,203, with a production valued at \$146,704,000, of which Massachusetts supplied \$86,065,445, increased in 1875 to \$89,375,792, and in 1880 to nearly \$100,000,000.

Ten childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

## A REMARKABLE SUIT.

A BROTHER SYNGOON BETWEEN A LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND A WIDOW.

One of the most sensational suits ever tried in the west, came up in the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis. In 1858 William Wackerle, a farmer at Carver, Minn., married Wehbacha Schneider, and they lived together on the farm until 1862, when he enlisted in the Ninth Minnesota regiment. He served until 1865, when he was discharged for physical disability. He then returned to the farm for a year, when he sold it, and after that worked as a common laborer and railroad hand at various places. In Milwaukee, Wis., he took out two insurance policies on his life, one in the *Reliance* and the other in the *Mutual Life*, of New York, and both were made payable to his wife. In 1868 he moved to Sacramento, Cal., and in 1870 to Quincy, Ill. In the fall of 1872 he left her at that place, and was next heard of at Marshall, Texas. Shortly afterward he was employed on the Texas Pacific Railroad, near Shreveport, La. On the 25th day of December, 1872, a man was killed—run over by a passenger train—near Shreveport, and at the inquest some papers were found on the body indicating that the deceased was William Wackerle.

He was not deemed sufficient identification by the coroner's jury, and they returned their verdict that the deceased was an unknown person.

Mrs. Wackerle did not hear of the matter until January, 1873, and in the meantime had paid the premium on the two policies for that year. As soon as she was informed of the death she went to Marshall, Texas, and Shreveport, La., to gather evidence that she was her husband. She submitted these proofs to the company, but they deemed them insufficient and refused to pay the insurance. She brought suit against the *Reliance* in the State court of Louisiana, at Shreveport, retaining Hon. Alexander Boardman, now Judge of the United States District Court of Louisiana, as her counsel. On the trial she obtained judgment against the company, which appealed to the Supreme Court of Louisiana. Pending this appeal Joseph Wimmer, an attorney in Minnesota in the employment of the insurance company, went to California and brought back a man claiming to be William Wackerle, the supposed dead man.

He was produced before the Supreme Court, and presented testimony that he was the *Quadruped* William Wackerle on whose life the policies of insurance were taken. Mrs. Wackerle, however, denied his identity, and pronounced him a fraud. The Supreme Court took a different view, and reversed the decision of the Circuit Court at Shreveport. On the strength of this decision Wackerle, real or fictitious as the case may be, applied to the government for a pension and obtained it, drawing the full amount for eighteen years, from 1864 to 1880.

Mrs. Wackerle brought suit in the United States Circuit Court for the St. Louis district against the Mutual Life, of New York. The plaintiff, Mrs. Wackerle, a middle-aged woman, whose face bore the marks of many years' anxiety and care, was placed upon the stand shortly before noon. She gave her evidence with many indications of sincerity and struggled to conceal her emotions as the questions were put concerning her husband. She told the story of her husband's alleged death, and when the cross-examination began came one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in the court room there.

At this point a man was brought up to the witness stand and confronted with the witness and she asked if she recognized him.

"A. I have never seen him before."

Q. Is he not John Wackerle, the brother of your husband, and is he not the man you met at Carondelet on the boat and who told you of the death of your husband?

A. This man is a stranger to me, and I know nothing about him; John Wackerle was a large, tall man, and this looks altogether like another man.

Another man was then confronted with her, and she was asked if she recognized him.

A. This man is a stranger to me, like the one before; I saw him once in Minnesota, but he is changed from what he was before; this man is not my husband; I never lived with him as his wife; I never saw him except in Minnesota once and here now; I never said to Dunham that if this man had stayed in Sacramento I meant to have divided the money with him when I got it. Plaintiff's counsel here rested her case.

That of the defendant was then taken up. Counsel stated what they intended to prove, and began the evidence by reading several depositions of parties who knew Wackerle who said that the man produced was the real *simon pure*.

A Little Ahead.

Under the head of "Communications" the Secretary of the Lime-Kiln Club announced an inquiry from the City Clerk's office, of Cincinnati, as to whether a person could be happy without riches.

"I have no doubt day kin—for a short time," replied the President. "When do persons come first open I reckon that a child's man who don't own even a dog, the murdered woman, took a pistol away from him the day before the murder. Then he left the house and pawned his coat for a 50-cent pistol and some drinks of whisky. The next day his victim saw the new pistol and he shot her, he claims, as he was handing it to her."

A more worthless and degraded kind of human vermin than that which exists on cheap pistols and whisky it is difficult to find.

The Pistol.

Says the Springfield Republican: Edward Hovey, who has just been found guilty of murder in New York by a jury on only 16 minutes, appears to have been a pistol fiend of the worst kind. He has carried a pistol since he knew what a pistol was. His sister-in-law, the murdered woman, took a pistol away from him the day before the murder. Then he left the house and pawned his coat for a 50-cent pistol and some drinks of whisky. The next day his victim saw the new pistol and he shot her, he claims, as he was handing it to her."

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## Useless Education.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON LIFE AS THE PRESIDENT WOULD HAVE IT.

[From the *Detroit Free Press*.]

"If I had a chance to live my life over again," said the President as a solemn hush fell upon the meeting, "I should chalk down sartin flings dat I should expect to come to pass, an' I should chalk down some odder arter' flings dat I should reckon on unless a cyclone got loose an' fore down de fences. I should look for:

"Do man who cate onions to stop an' argy wud ebry man he meets gwine down town."

"I should 'spect men who owed de morn' an' war' de least able to pay to 'war de bee' clothes an' have de morn' change when a circus comes along."

"I should 'spect my naybur to empty his ashes on de spot most convenient to himself without any reference as to wheder de spot was on my land or his."

"I should 'spect dat broadcloth an' silk would be worn on de street by people who fill up on cold 'aters at home."

"I should 'spect de enmity of men whom I did not lend to, an' be beat by nine out ten of sich as I favored."

"I should 'spect to be looked upon as a fanatic by men belongin' to a different church from mine, an' to be abused an' called a fool by men votin' de opposite political ticket."

"I should 'spect about so much bad weather—about so much sickness—about so many pains an' aches, an' an' hungry days an' lonely nights, an' knowin' de world as I know it now, I should 'spect de boats to run, an' de trains to go out, an' de stores to open wheder I was in bed wud de ager or ober in de cabbage lot in de bee' of health."

"As far de flings I should look for, dey am almos' too numerous to mention."

"I should look for a laborin' man workin' fur his shillin' a day to permit his whicky to cool mo' dan his flour."

"I should look for a girl aimin' fo' dollars a week to dress like a banker's wife nor put on de agony of a princess."

"I should look for my naybur to sweat his collar drivin' cows onder his garden, any mo' den he would expect me to bust my suspenders keepin' de boys away from his harvest apple."

"I should look for my children to come up widout fault, nor my family to lib widout bein' hit by malice or wounded by gossip."

"I should look for any mo' room in de street kyar den I paid far, nor a better suit of clothes dan my sarcumstances permitted."

"I should look for any mo' word or promise to stan' good unless he was sartin dat he would be de gainer by makin' em so. It am now time to proceed wid de business which has reinstated us togoder, an' de triangle will now be stricken in due form an' a col-lokution taken up to defray the expenses of obarridin' de transit of Venus from de northwest co'ner of de City Hall Market."

The Treasurer passed the hat in his most agreeable manner, but the result, as it was returned to the desk, panned out only two cents in cash, and this sum was probably dropped in by accident.

"Gentlen," said the President as he arose, "if any of you observe de transit of Venus you will have to do it at your own expense. Iss a bit sorry dat de club has given science sich a cold shoulder, but when de struggle am between science an' woolen undershirts fur de 'prochein' winter science can't 'spect to come in ahead."

Sir Isaac Walpole desired to ask, before proceeding further, if the President referred to him as the neighbor not expected to sweat his collar driving cows out of the President's garden? The President replied that nothing was further from his thoughts. Indeed, he had known Sir Isaac to arise at midnight and drive cows out of a brickyard for fear of damage. They had lived neighbors for thirteen long years, and he was glad to remark that Mr. Walpole never yet returned a tub with a hoop or a handle gone, and that Sir Isaac always had gilt-edged butter and Java coffee to lend.

Novel Capture of a Moonshiner.

DRIVEN FROM HIS HIDING PLACE BY BATTLE-AXES.

A letter from Dallas, N. C., says: An old moonshiner named Charles Folias, for whom the revenue officers have been searching for a long time, was captured in the northern part of this county under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Folias operated with illicit stills in a small corner on the side of a creek. In order to prevent the officers from tracking him to his hiding place he always waded the stream and thus avoided making any tracks. A gang of officers were in the neighborhood of the illicit still, hunting other moonshiners supposed to be in that locality. Folias became aware of their presence, and made for his hole in the ground with all possible speed. Upon entering the month of the cavern the illicit distiller discovered a nest of rattlesnakes. He managed to reach the boiler and seize a dipper of boiling corn, which he hurried at his assailants. He soon dispatched the snakes, but before he could make his way to a place of safety in the cave several of the venomous reptiles continued the attack. Folias saw that if he remained he would be killed, and he took the only alternative which seemed to be left—backed out of his underground still-house and gave himself up to the Government officers outside, with the remark: "Gentlemen, I want it understood that I was forced to surrender on account of the infernal snakes inside, and you don't deserve no credit for it." The officers had been hunting Folias in vain for years.

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON LIFE AS THE PRESIDENT WOULD HAVE IT.

[From the *Detroit Free Press*.]

"If I had a chance to live my life over again," said the President as a solemn hush fell upon the meeting, "I should chalk down sartin flings dat I should expect to come to pass, an' I should chalk down some odder arter' flings dat I should reckon on unless a cyclone got loose an' fore down de fences. I should look



... of the System.                      sumption. Sold by all Druggists.







## NEWS OF THE DAY

### GENERAL ITEMS.

The citizens of New Rochelle, N. Y., and neighborhood held a meeting and expressed indignation at the false economy displayed by the New York and New Haven Railroad, who refused to pay the cost of the tunnel in the Fourth avenue tunnel.

In New York City, Edward Rovey, who killed his sister-in-law, was sentenced to life imprisonment on November 17, 1902. He was charged with the murder of his sister-in-law, who was killed in the Fourth avenue tunnel.

A drunken father in Philadelphia poisoned every member of his family, seven persons, by putting arsenic in the water trough.

The colored sailor of Philadelphia was hanged Friday. His relatives have already commenced a contest over his estate of \$150,000.

Several children in Essex and Middlesex, N. Y., were killed when they were playing with a train.

Two men were killed by a car falling from the International Bridge, at Buffalo, into Niagara River.

The popular Yonkers was wrecked in Long Island Sound. The captain and crew saved themselves by taking to the small boats.

Five destroyed seventeen business establishments, including the Democratic office, in Ridgewood, N. Y., last night, \$150,000.

Judge Reynolds and McCann, of Brooklyn, have affirmed the decision of the Court before relating a manhood to a colored girl who wanted to attend a white school.

The values of the imports of merchandise into the United States during the twelve months ended August 31, 1902, were \$741,989,917, and for the corresponding months of the preceding year \$640,518,418, being an increase of \$101,471,500, or 15.8 per cent.

The values of the exports of domestic and foreign merchandise from the United States during the twelve months ended August 31, 1902, were \$777,024,772, and for the twelve months ended August 31, 1901, \$694,717,454, a decrease of \$82,307,318, or 11.8 per cent.

The daughter-in-law of Governor Denison, of Ohio, has made her appearance in some opera in St. Louis. She is said to be meditating accepting a position in N. Y. City.

John F. S. C. O'Connell, the chairman of the New York Republican State Committee, said to an Albany Journal reporter—you can say in the *Argos* that I have no opinion to suppose that Mr. Foley will be elected.

A statement prepared at the office of the United States Post Office Department, shows the gross receipts of the department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1902, to have been \$1,300,017,113, against \$1,217,517,153 during the previous year, being an increase of \$82,499,960. The receipts from the sale of postage stamps, postal card envelopes, etc., during the year ended June 30, 1902, amounted to \$10,020,017,113, against \$9,812,517,153 during the previous year, an increase of \$209,599,960. The items of stamps, for 1902, amounted to \$6,970,017,113, an increase over the previous year of \$6,020,017,113.

General Crook is personally investigating the trouble in the several Indian tribes.

Eleven hundred \$10,000 bonds, by which a share in the Chicago and North Western, have been sold.

Four negroes were killed and many wounded during a political fight at Lancaster, Pa., on Wednesday.

Seretary Teller has decided to accept the nomination for the United States Senate in the next election.

A church was demolished by a cyclone on Wednesday evening, during service, at Norwalk, Conn., without seriously injuring any of the congregation.

Thirty-six new cases of yellow fever and two deaths are reported from Panama, Florida.

A board of inquiry has been appointed to investigate the loss of the *Florida*, which was wrecked on the Florida coast, last night.

The damage by the Panama earthquake was not so serious as first reported. Four persons have died from the effect of the shock.

The German Consulate in Havana is in a state of confusion. The German Consulate in Havana is in a state of confusion.

On Friday night a woman and her five children, named Rank, were drowned near Hendersonville, North Carolina, by the *Florida*, which was wrecked on the Florida coast, last night.

On application by counsel for one of the creditors a Baltimore Court has appointed a receiver to wind up the affairs of the Yorktown Centennial Association.

Money has been received from the Treasury Department to pay deputy marshals in Philadelphia for their services in the election of 1902.

A will of late date, of Springfield, Mass., was found to be a forgery.

General Benjamin F. Tracy was nominated by the Republicans for Justice of the Supreme Court for the Second Judicial district of New York.

A colored miner died in Philadelphia, eighty-four years old, in the midst of poverty, though he owned property worth \$100,000.

Two soldiers were killed in Pennsylvania, last night, by two dead and the sickness of five or six men.

Sir Henry Halliday, with eleven members of the British rifle team, sailed for Liverpool Tuesday by the *Atlantic*.

The search for the blue fish by Captain Joseph W. Collins, of Gloucester, has resulted in the discovery of a new and delicious food fish.

An accident at the Dorem and mine, near Williamsburg, Pa., caused the death of three men, and another in Louisiana, Md., killed one and injured three more.

Expert thieves snatched \$12,000 worth of bonds from a desk in the Bank of Baltimore and made off with them.

The destruction of the sugar refinery of Harris, Harveysville, Pa., in Philadelphia, involves the loss of \$1,000,000.

Two premature explosions occurred at Castle William in the New York harbor, on Monday. One of the explosions of twenty-one guns was being fired, and several soldiers were seriously injured. Two died, and four others are in a dangerous condition.

Fifteen men containing a portion of the *Florida* were thrown down a hill at an embankment near Point Look, N. Y., on Monday; three persons were killed and eleven injured.

### THE GREAT STORM OF LAST WEEK

Under the trees in Madison Square at 11:20 o'clock Sunday night, says the New York Sun, there were at least three hundred lodgers. Only half a dozen were awake. The others were sleeping in almost every conceivable position. The first who had any idea of the coming storm were the men who were sleeping on the benches. They were the only ones who were able to stretch out at full length, and those who were sleeping on the benches were the only ones who were able to stretch out at full length. The first who had any idea of the coming storm were the men who were sleeping on the benches. They were the only ones who were able to stretch out at full length, and those who were sleeping on the benches were the only ones who were able to stretch out at full length.

### LODGERS IN THE PARK.

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### POTATO CROP EXPERIMENTS.

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### THE SHOES WE WEAR.

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### OUR WASTE OF FOOD.

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